Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy,
Liue and beget a happy race of Kings:
Edwards unhappy ſonnes do bid thee flouriſh.

Enter the ghoſt of Queene Anne his wife.

Richard, Thy wife that wretched *Anne* thy wife.
That neuer ſlept a quiet houre with thee,
Now fils thy ſleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the battaile thinke one me,
And fall thy edgeleſſe ſword, deſpaire and die.
To *Rich.* Thou quiet ſoule, ſleepe thou aquiet ſleepe,
Dreame of ſucceſſe and happy victory,
Thy aduerſaries wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the ghoſt of Buckingham.

The firſt was I that helpt thee to the Crowne,
The laſt was I that felt the tyrany,
O in the battell thinke on *Buckingham*,
And die in terror of thy guiltineſſe:
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloudie deeds and death,
Fainting diſpaire, diſpairing yeeld thy breath.
To *Rich.* I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid,
But cheare thy heart, and be thou not diſmaid,
God and good Angels fight on Richmonds ſide,
And Richard fals in height of all his pride.

K. Richard ſtarted out of a dreame.

K Rich. Giue me another horſe, bind vp my wounds:
Haue mercy Ieſu: ſoft I did but dreame.
O coward conſcience, how doeſt thou afflict me?
The lights burne blew, it is not deade midnight:
Cold fearefull drops ſtand on my trembling fleſh,
What doe I feare my ſelfe? theres none elſe by,
Richard loues Richard, that is I am I,
Is there a murtherer here, No. yes I am,
Then flie, what from my ſelfe? great reaſon why,
Leaſt I reuenge. What? my ſelfe vpon my ſelfe;
Alacke I loue my ſelfe, wherefore? for any good
That my ſelfe hath done vnto my ſelfe:

O no: alas I rather hate my ſelfe,
For hatefull deeds committed by my ſelfe:
I am a villaine, yet I lye, I am not.
Foole of thy ſelfe ſpeake well, foole doe not flatter,
My conſcience hath a thouſand ſeuerall tongues,
And euery tongue brings in a ſeuerall tale.
And euery tale condemnes me for a villaine:
Periury, in the higheſt degree,
Murder, ſterne murder, in the dyreſt degree,
All ſeuerall ſinnes, all vſde in each degree,
Throng all to the barre, crying all, guiltie, guiltie,
I ſhall diſpaire, there is no creature loues me,
And if I die, no ſoule ſhall pittie me:
And wherefore ſhould they? ſince that I my ſelfe,
Find in my ſelfe, no pitty to my ſelfe.
Me thought the ſoules of all that I haue murthered
Came to my tent, and euery one did threat
To morrowes vengeance on the head of *Richard*

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat My Lord.
King. Zounds, who is there?
Rat. My Lord tis I: the carely village cocke,
Haue thrice done ſalutation to the morne.
Your friends are vp, and buckle on their armour,
King. O *Ratcliffe*, I haue dream'd a fearefull dreame,
What thinkſt thou, will our friends prone all true?
Rat. No doubt my Lord.
King. O *Ratcliffe* I feare, I feare,
Rat. Nay good my Lord be not affraid of ſhadowes.
King. By the Apoſtle *Paul*, ſhadowes to night
Haue ſtrooke more terrour to the ſoule of *Richard*,
Then can the ſubſtance of ten thouſand ſouldiers
Armed in proofe, and led by ſhallow *Richmond*.
Tis not yet neere day come goe with me,
Vnder our tents Ile play the eweſe-dropper,
To heare if any meane to ſhrinke from me. *Exeunt.*

Enter the lords to Richmond.

Lords. Good morrow *Richmond*.

Rich.